



## A STEW AND A STICK-UP MAN

Chicken stew was Peter Koenig's favorite dish, and, returning home early, he thought he would have a nice fat fowl for his supper. There were a dozen in the barnyard and he had caught the plumpest one and was about to lay its head upon the block, when a man leaped suddenly from the hay loft, grabbed him by the throat and pressed a revolver to his head. "Put your cash on that barrel," he demanded.

Koenig lost no time in complying with orders, but his contribution was a mere \$3.35, and the stick-up man objected. "I heard you was a cheap skate," he growled, now jabbing his revolver into Koenig's side. "What's the matter, ain't you got no friends?" Koenig shook his head sadly. "No, I got no friends that gives money away," he mumbled. "So, that's your game is it—holding back on me? Old stuff, Koenig! I know about you. You been workin' for Enoch Miller, lately, ain't you?" Koenig nodded.

"Get paid for it?"

"Not yet I ain't."

"Let's go!" ordered the stick-up man, turning Koenig about. "We walk together and be friends, see, goin' down the road to Miller's house! Come on, now, move along as if you was my friend!" When they reached Enoch Miller's farm, on South Springfield Road, the stick-up man ordered Koenig to go to the back door and get the money. Revolver in hand, he hid behind the grape arbor.

A young lady, Miss Parkhurst, answered the door. Her uncle was not

at home, but yes, she knew that Mr. Koenig had money coming to him for services, some fifteen dollars to be exact, and she would pay him. Would Mr. Koenig step in and have a cup of tea?

"No—no thanks," stuttered Koenig, stealing a glance toward the arbor. "Some other time. I'm in a great hurry to get home and kill a chicken for a stew." When Miss Parkhurst had paid him and bade him good-day, the stick-up man stepped boldly from the cover of the arbor. "She's a nice lady, Koenig. You should bring her a chicken some time," he said. Koenig promptly handed over the money and the stick-up man expressed regret there was no small change for a tip. "You're deservin' of it, Koenig, for bein' so obligin'. Maybe I can do somethin' for you next time." At the crossroads he waved good-bye to Koenig, and went on his way, whistling.

When Chief O'Neil heard Koenig's story, he knew where to look for the stick-up man. One Frank Yoemans, once a member of the U. S. Coast Guard Artillery, had worked in the locality at odd times while picking up information about intended victims. His knowledge of Koenig's habits gave him away. Yoemans lived, when at home, in a tenement near the Bowery, but usually visited his father, at Springfield, after a robbery. There he was found by the police of that place and taken into custody. Thus ended a promising career of crime.